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The GUARDIAN.

Sola eſt cœleſti digna reperta toro. Ov. de Liviâ.

Monday, May 4. 1713.

YEſterday, at my Lady *Lizard*'s Tea-Table, the Diſcourſe happened to turn upon Women of Renown; ſuch as have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the World by ſurpriſing Actions, or by any great and ſhining Qualities, ſo as to draw upon themſelves the Envy of their own Sex, and the Admiration of ours. My Lady has been curious in collecting the Lives of the moſt famous, of which ſhe has a conſiderable number, both in Print and in Manuſcript. This naturally led me to ſpeak of Madam *Maintenon*; and, at the Requeſt of my Lady and her Daughters, I have undertaken to put together ſuch Circumſtances of her Life, as I had formerly gathered out of Books, and picked up from Converſation in my Travels.

Madam *Maintenon* was born a Gentlewoman, her Name is *Frances Daubigné*. Monſieur *Daubigné*, her Grandfather, was not only a Perſon of Condition, but likewiſe of great Merit. He was born in the Year 1550, and died in 1630, the 80th Year of his Age. A little before his Death he writ his own Epitaph, which is Engraven upon his Tomb-Stone in the Cloiſter of St. *Peter*'s Church at *Geneva*, and may be ſeen in *Spon*'s Hiſtory of that Republick. He was a leading Man among the Proteſtants in *France*, and much courted to come over to the oppoſite Party. When he perceived there was no Safety for him any longer in his own Country, he fled for Refuge to *Geneva* about the Year 1619. The Magiſtrates, and the Clergy there, received him with great Marks of Honour and Diſtinction, and he paſſed the remaining part of his Life amongſt them in great Eſteem. *Mezeray* (the *French* Hiſtorian) ſays, that he was a Man of great Courage and Boldneſs, of a ready Wit, and of a fine Taſte in Polite Learning, as well as of good Experience in Matters of War.

The Son of this *Daubigné* was Father to the preſent Madam *Maintenon*. This Gentleman was thrown into Priſon when he was but a Youth, for what Reaſon I cannot learn; but his Life, it ſeems, was in Queſtion, if the Keeper of the Priſon's Daughter (touched with his Misfortunes and his Merit) had not determined with her ſelf to ſet him at Liberty. Accordingly a favourable Opportunity preſenting it ſelf, ſhe ſet the Priſoner at large, and accompanied him her ſelf in his Flight. The Lovers finding themſelves now in no Danger of being apprehended, Monſieur *Daubigné* acquitted himſelf of the Promiſe he had given his fair Deliverer, and married her Publickly. To provide againſt their immediate Want in a ſtrange Place, ſhe had taken with her what ſhe found at home moſt valuable and eaſie to be carried off. All this was converted into Mony; and while their little Treaſure laſted, our new-married Couple thought themſelves the happieſt Perſons living. But that now began to fail, and Monſieur *Daubigné*, who plainly ſaw the Straits to which they muſt be in a little time reduced, notwithſtanding all his Love and Tenderneſs, thought he ſhould ſoon be in a far worſe Condition than that from which he had ſo lately eſcaped him. But what moſt afflicted him was to ſee, that his Wife, whom he loved ſo tenderly, muſt be reduced to the utmoſt Neceſſity, and that too at a time when ſhe was big with Child.

Monſieur *Daubigné*, preſſed with theſe Difficulties, formed to himſelf a very hazardous Reſolution; and ſince the Danger he ſaw in it was only to his Perſon, he put it in Execution, without ever conſulting his Wife. The purpoſe he entered upon, was to venture back into *France*, and to endeavour there to get up ſome of his Effects, and in a ſhort time to have the Pleaſure of returning to his Wife with ſome little Means of Subſiſtance. He flattered himſelf, that he was now no longer thought upon in his own Country, and that, by the help of a Friend, he might continue there unknown for ſome time. But upon Trial it happened quite otherwiſe; for he was betrayed by thoſe in whom he confided, ſo that he was a ſecond time caſt into Priſon. I ſhould have mentioned, that he left his Wife without ever taking leave; and that the firſt Notice ſhe had of his Deſign was by a Letter, which he ſent her from the Place where he lay the firſt Night. Upon the reading of it, ſhe was immediately alarm'd for the Life of a Husband ſo very dear to her; but ſhe fell into the laſt Affliction when ſhe received the News of his being impriſoned again, of which

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